

Guide to Life.

No. XV.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1844.

PRICE 1½d.



THE POLKA DANCE.

This novel and interesting dance, of which we have given an engraving, has become quite the rage throughout all the capitals of Europe. It is of Hungarian origin, and was introduced into Paris by a dancing-master named Cellarius—subsequently it has been brought forward in the salons and theatres of our metropolis. It is currently reported that Cellarius has gained not less than 2000*l.* English money in teaching it. He is occupied literally night and day in giving lessons, and it is said that a fashionable countess actually went to him at three o'clock in the morning, that being the only time in the four-and-twenty hours that he could receive her as a pupil.

HORRIBLE MASSACRE IN ONE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.—The details of an attack on an English whaler and of the slaughter of the whole crew by the natives of one of the South Sea Islands, have lately been received by the *Sussex*, a whale ship, under the command of Captain Hammer.

The following details contain all the facts known in reference to the painful tragedy:—

Captain Hammer states, that on the 30th of April last year, having occasion to take in water, he bore down towards the island usually termed Strong's Island, by British seamen. On approaching the harbour he observed three American ships and one Canadian vessel lying at anchor. As the *Sussex* neared the island the captains of each of these vessels came off in boats to meet her, and Captain Rounds, of the *Pacific*, immediately communicated to Captain Hammer the fact that the wreck of an English whaler, called the *Harriet*, belonging to the port of London, and commanded by Captain Bunker, was lying in eight fathoms of water within the harbour. Having each anchored at a convenient distance from the shore, Captain Hammer returned with Captain Rounds on board the *Pacific*, where portions of the *Harriet's* log-book, her figure head, anchor, &c., all of which had been recovered at that time were shown to him by

which the identity and fate of the vessel was placed beyond a doubt. It then appeared that about six weeks previously Captain Rounds having visited the same island, had cast anchor in a bay on the other side, and took in a native to assist his crew in fishing. They put to sea, and in the course of a day or two came up with a whale, which, after considerable trouble, they captured. The native observed this, and remarked to the captain a few hours afterwards, "Why do you keep looking about here for fish to procure oil? There is a ship lying in the harbour full of it." Arriving there the man pointed out the spot where the ship lay, and on soundings being taken, it was discovered that some large object met the lead. Captain Rounds then, with considerable ingenuity, rigged out one of his large oil casks in the form of a diving-bell, and having made the necessary preparations a man was sent down, who immediately reported the fact of the hull of a vessel burnt to the water's edge lying beneath its surface in about eight fathoms.

Captain Rounds recovered various articles from the wreck, including the anchors and chains, a large quantity of new iron hoops, which had evidently been burnt to a white heat; the figure-head, the full-length figure of a woman with a coronet, the lower dead eyes, and a large quantity of rigging, &c. The whole of the oil barrels remaining in the hold of the vessel were partially burnt, and their contents, of course, wasted. Some few casks, however, were subsequently found on the island, where they had, no doubt, been placed by the natives after taking possession of the vessel and before it was destroyed. It is well known that when whaling ships touch at these islands the native women frequently come on board in large numbers, and, generally speaking, they are considered well-conducted savages. On this occasion advantage was taken of their familiarity, and the fact that a vessel had been attacked and the crew murdered was elicited from several among them, and confirmed by a variety of circumstances. Captain Rounds then decided on requiring an explanation of the whole affair from the king or chief, and took an armed party on shore with him for that purpose. The chief met the party, and appeared considerably alarmed at the manner in which Captain Rounds pursued the investigation; but after several interviews, no satisfactory information was obtained on the subject. Captain Rounds insisted that the chief should repair on board his ship, and even went so far as to threaten to hang him in case some explanation was not afforded. The chief himself appeared willing to go on board, but the natives would not allow him, and at this point all further communication between them ceased; the natives taking to their canoes, and seeking refuge within the creeks with which the island abounds.

The *Harriet* left England in June, 1839, and has consequently been absent nearly five years. No tidings had been heard of her during the last eighteen months.

It is generally believed, that three other vessels have been destroyed in a similar manner at the same island, information to that effect having been obtained by Captain Rounds. These vessels are supposed to have belonged to some of the Sandwich islands—ships from that locality visiting Strong's island for the purpose of collecting the *beach le mar*, a species of worm, in which a considerable trade is carried on with China.

DREADFUL CALAMITY IN THE BALEARIC ISLES.—A most frightful accident has occurred very recently at Felanitz, one of the Balearic Isles, by which many hundred persons were killed or wounded. The following is a brief account of the particulars, taken from the official report:—"A dreadful catastrophe has occurred in this town. On account of the procession which takes place every year at this time, an immense crowd of spectators had assembled at the place called the Old Cemetery, opposite the door of the church of Santa Rosa, in order to hear one of the twelve sermons that are preached near the church-yard. During the preaching the wall that separates the old cemetery from the Calle Mayor fell down upon the assembly who were congregated in the street, the whole (more than 300 according to calculation) remained buried under the wall and the adjacent earth. The Alcade Don Francisco Bennasser and six of the members of the corporation (who were only installed to-day) have been buried." Further particulars of this accident are contained in the following letter

from the same place:—"Felanitz,—My dear Friend,—This accident has been more horrible than we at first believed. 414 persons killed, 72 wounded, 92 contused, and 27 with fractures; this is the result of this dreadful catastrophe, over which the inhabitants of this town are now shedding tears of blood. What we have witnessed yesterday afternoon and during the last night seems to us a dream. The Political Chief arrived at six o'clock. I can give you no further particulars."

THE DYING WORDS OF ELIZABETH WELLINGTON, AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN.

(Concluded from our last, page 106.)

I soon got into a creditable family in the city, where I had an opportunity of qualifying myself for a better place, as my mistress was kind and indulgent; but the constant toil of a house where only myself and a shop-boy were kept, did not suit a person used to an indolent life. I contrasted the dark back-kitchen and the dirty drudgery of my present situation, with my pleasant walks, my books, my plain work, and easy life, in the country; awkwardness increased my difficulties, and I was severely mortified by the mother of my mistress, who sometimes visited her; she wondered how a girl at my age could have spent her time not to know the common work of a house. Having occasion for a few common articles of dress, I was directed to one of those gossiping shopkeepers who infest most neighbourhoods, the confidants of servants, and diffusers of scandal, who attend to and know more of other people's business than their own; she listened to my complaints, and enticed me to spend my money; after hearing much of charming places at the other end of the town, I left her, resolved to take the first opportunity of leaving my mistress, as the work was too much, and the situation in a vulgar part of the town. I soon received a message from my officious new acquaintance, that she had procured an excellent situation for me, but that I must go without delay, and as to a character, if I would make her a present, she would give me one herself; her reason for prevailing on me to go away without giving warning, will soon be known;—but I have been sufficiently punished for this breach of agreement. I took an opportunity of retreating with my things the following evening, and was introduced to a fine-dressed lady with her carriage waiting at the door; after the general questions we agreed, and I was conveyed with my box to a large house in the neighbourhood of St. James's. The splendour of her equipage, and the tawdry finery of the furniture, dazzled my eyes; I was told that my chief business would be to wait upon my mistress in her own room, and work at my needle. I remember that the pride and haughtiness of my heart were highly gratified, when I was informed, that I need not wear a coloured apron, must always appear neatly dressed, and that if I did not stand in my own light, her place would be profitable as well as pleasant to me.

My happy days were of short continuance; I did not discover till it was too late, that I was taken in a snare, that I was in a house of the most infamous description,—a reproach to the nobility and gentry who suffer many of them almost to elbow them in their magnificent abodes. The woman who engaged me under false pretences, but for the most abominable purposes, is a wretch well known in the parish of St. James's. Had I been at all acquainted with town manners, I must have perceived the odious nature of my mistress's employ, from the lateness of her hours, and the company she kept; in bed the greatest part of the day, and the house in an uproar during the whole of the night; but London was a new world to me, and I had heard that it was common for ladies and gentlemen to turn night into day.

From a deep, death-like sleep, I awoke, and found myself undone; a cowardly villain, whose attempts I would have set at defiance with my senses and strength about me, took advantage of a state against which neither prudence nor virtue can guard. He attempted to pacify me with gold, and declared that he would make a handsome settlement on me the next morning; I rejected his offers with contempt,—I drove him from my presence with abhorrence. The savage in a female shape soon came in with triumphant malignity in her eye, thinking she could now bring me to her own infamous terms; she began by observing that hands like mine were never made for hard work, that I might live like a fine lady—I interrupted her by throwing up the sash, and raising my voice to a pitch which alarmed her (for wickedness makes cowards of us all) told her, that if I was not suffered immediately to depart, I would raise the neighbours by my cries. I left her house directly, determining to have recourse to the laws to revenge my injuries; but a dread of appearing publicly on such an occasion, shook my resolution; not knowing whither to go, I applied to my first mistress, with an intention of laying my case before her, but she shut her door in my face, and after my behaviour to her, what right had I to complain.

I hid myself in silence and solitude, and passed a few weeks in a little obscure lodging, without resolution or spirit to seek another place; my London dream of finery and genteelness was now vanished. I dreaded the face of man, and suspected every woman; I considered with envy the

condition of the meanest drudge of the poorest farm-house in the country, who, notwithstanding her coarse fare and linsey gown, possessed those first of blessings, health, innocence, and peace of mind. I took a place in the same waggon which first brought me to town, and had reached a little market-town, a few miles from the field where you found me, but fearing my small stock of money would be exhausted before I reached my father's house, I resolved to walk the remainder of my journey, contrary to the persuasions of the person who drove the waggon. Leaving my box with proper directions to be forwarded, I set out on foot, but had not travelled far, when a ruffian robbed me of the little I possessed, and would have proceeded to outrages still more cruel, but my cries excited the attention of a gentleman with a splendid equipage, who was travelling the road and at no great distance from us. The postillions were ordered to quicken their pace, and as they drew up, my terror and astonishment may be conceived, when I saw my dishonourable violator looking at me with savage joy as he jumped from the carriage, thinking that he might easily secure a friendless, unprotected woman, and convey her to whatever place and for what purpose he choose. But the robber was not disposed to part with his prey; adding falsehood to violence, and brandishing a bludgeon he had in his hand, he declared with an oath, that no man had a right to separate us, for though I was noisy and unmanageable, I was his wife. The gentleman said he knew the contrary, that he had followed me across the country from London, and rather than lose me, would pursue me to the end of the world; with these words he laid hold of one of my hands, when the footpad, at the first blow, laid him speechless on the ground; a desperate but unequal contest ensued, the servants fired several pistols, and in the hurry, smoke, and confusion, I darted from them.

Terror gave me speed; I flew down a by lane, and after crossing several fields, plunged into a thick wood, wandering through thorns and underwood as long as my strength permitted. I was thankful for my escape, and sat down on a bank to eat a crust fortunately left in my pocket. I soon heard the voices of the servants, who seemed to be searching for me, and gathered from their conversation, that they had wounded and secured the marauder, and as soon as they could find me would convey us, with their master, who had come to himself but was much hurt, to the next post-town. I fortunately eluded their search; but as night came on, in attempting to leave the wood with a design of begging a lodging in some farm-house, my foot slipped, and I fell with such violence with my knee against a stump, that I fainted in an agony of pain. Being unable to stir, I passed the night on the spot where I fell, and part of the next day, when, hungry and benumbed with cold, I crawled as well as the hurt I received would let me to the place where your kindness found me. I passed the second night there, and endeavoured to attract the notice and compassion of several travellers during the succeeding day; but they considered me as an impostor or a loose woman, and either neglected or insulted me. I gave myself up for a lost creature, but death, though retarded by your humanity, I feel is gradually creeping over me. I die in charity with all mankind, I pray to God that he will forgive my destroyers, and give them time and grace to repent. I beg that my parents, whose name and direction will be found in a letter in my pocket, may be informed of my fate; that I remembered them with gratitude in my last moments, and that although misled by folly, my heart was untainted by vice.

I also make it my dying request, that my misfortunes may be published for the information of young women of my condition, in the hope of reminding them, that pride and vanity are the high road to crime and misfortune; that London is a scene of temptation, where there are always artful women watching to take advantage of those of their own sex, who are tired of working honestly for their livelihood, and fond of fine clothes. I wish to remind such as are of this unfortunate turn, that a conscientious discharge of our duties in that state, however humble, in which Providence has placed us, is the only solid comfort in this world and the most likely method of insuring everlasting happiness in that which is to come.

STEAM POWER.—A pint of water may be evaporated by two ounces of coals. In its evaporation it swells into 216 gallons of steam, with a mechanical force sufficient to raise a weight of thirty-seven tons a foot high. The steam thus produced has a pressure equal to that of common atmospheric air; and by allowing it to expand, by virtue of its elasticity, a further mechanical force may be obtained, at least equal in amount to the former. A pint of water, therefore, and two ounces of coal, are thus rendered capable of doing as much work as is equivalent to seventy-four tons raised a foot high. The circumstances under which the steam-engine is worked on a railway, are not favourable to the economy of fuel. Nevertheless, a pound of coke, burned in a locomotive engine, will evaporate about five pints of water. In their evaporation they will exert a mechanical force sufficient to draw two tons weight on the railway a distance of one mile in two minutes. Four horses working in a stage-coach on a common road are necessary to draw the same weight the same distance in six minutes.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,
MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

(Continued from our last, page 107.)

Mr. Robinson was not there; we proceeded to look for our carriage; it stood at some distance. I was alarmed and bewildered. Mr. Fitzgerald hurried me along—"Don't be uneasy, we shall certainly find him," said he, "for I left him here not five minutes ago." As he spoke he stopped abruptly: a servant opened a chaise door, there were four horses harnessed to it; and, by the light of the lamps on the side of the foot-path, I plainly perceived a pistol in the pocket of the door which was open. I drew back. Mr. Fitzgerald placed his arm round my waist, and endeavoured to lift me up the step of the chaise; the servant watching at a little distance. I resisted, and inquired what he meant by such conduct; his hand trembled excessively, while he said in a low voice: "Robinson can but fight me." I was terrified beyond all description.—I made him loose his hold, and ran towards the entrance door. Mr. Fitzgerald now perceived Mr. Robinson. "Here he comes!" exclaimed he with an easy nonchalance, "we had found the wrong carriage, Mr. Robinson, we have been looking after you, and Mrs. Robinson is alarmed beyond expression."

"I am indeed!" said I. Mr. Robinson now took my hand. We stepped into the coach, and Mr. Fitzgerald followed. As we proceeded towards Hatton Garden, the sky incessantly flashed lightning. I was terrified by the combination of events, and I was in a situation which rendered any alarm peculiarly dangerous, for I was several months advanced in that state, which afterwards terminated by presenting to me my only child, my darling Maria.

I had often heard of Mr. Fitzgerald's propensity to duelling—I recollected my own delicate situation—I valued my husband's safety. I therefore did not mention the adventure of the evening, particularly as Mr. Fitzgerald observed in our way to Hatton Garden that he had "nearly made a strange mistake, and taken possession of another person's carriage." This remark appeared so plausible that nothing farther was said upon the subject.

From that evening I was particularly cautious in avoiding Fitzgerald. He was too daring, and too fascinating a being to be allowed the smallest marks of confidence. Whenever he called I was denied to him: and, at length perceiving the impracticability of his plan, he desisted, and seldom called excepting to leave his name, as a visitor of ceremony.

I do not recount these events, these plans for my enthrallment, with a view to convey anything like personal vanity; for I can with truth affirm that I never thought myself entitled to admiration that could endanger my security, or tempt the libertine to undermine my husband's honour. But I attribute the snares that were laid for me to three causes. The first, my youth and inexperience, my girlish appearance and simplicity of manners. Secondly, the expensive style in which Mr. Robinson lived, though he was not known as a man of independent fortune; and, thirdly, the evident neglect which I experienced from my husband, whom Lord Lyttelton's society had marked as a man of universal gallantry.

I was now known, by name, at every public place in and near the metropolis; our circle of acquaintances enlarged daily; my friend Lady Yea was my constant companion. Mr. Robinson became desperate, from a thorough conviction that no effort of economy, or professional labour, could arrange his shattered finances; the large debt which he owed previous to his marriage with me, having laid the foundation of every succeeding embarrassment.

The moment now approached when the arcanum was to be developed, and an execution on Mr. Robinson's effects, at the suit of an annuitant, decided the doubts and fears which had long afflicted me. I was in a great degree prepared for this event, by the evident inquietude of my husband's mind, and his frequent interviews with persons of a mysterious description. Indeed this crisis seemed rather consolatory than appalling; for I hoped and trusted that the time was now arrived, when reason would take place of folly, and experience point out those thorns which strew the pleasurable paths of dissipation.

At this period, had Mr. Harris generously assisted his son, I am fully and confidently persuaded that he would have pursued a discreet and regular line of conduct. His first involvement was the basis of all his misfortunes: the impossibility of liquidating that debt (the motive for which it was contracted is to this hour unknown to me), rendered him desperate. Indeed how could a young man, well educated,* subsist in such a metropolis without some provision? Mr. Harris was a man of fortune, and he ought to have known that necessity is the most dangerous associate of youth; that folly may be reclaimed by kindness; but seldom fails to be darkened into vice by the severity of un pitying natures.

From Hatton Garden we removed to a house which was lent to us by a friend, at Finchley. Here I hoped at least to remain tranquil till the perilous moment was passed which was to render me a mother. I here

devoted my time to making my infant's little wardrobes: my finest muslin dresses I converted into frocks and robes; with my lace I fondly trimmed them. It was a sweetly pleasing task, and I often smiled when I reflected that, only three years before this period, I had dressed a waxen doll, nearly as large as a new born infant.

Mr. Robinson had much business to transact in London, and I was almost perpetually alone at Finchley. Of our domestic establishment there was only one who did not desert us, and he was a Negro!—one of that despised, degraded race, who wear the colour on their features which too often characterises the hearts of their fair and unfeeling oppressors. I have found, during my journey through life, that the two male domestics who were most attached to my interest, and most faithful to my fortunes, were both Negroes!

My mother now returned from Bristol, and I had the consolation of her society. I divided my time betwixt reading, writing, and making a little wardrobe for my expected darling. I little regretted the busy scenes of life; I sighed not for public attention. I felt by this change of situation as though a weighty load were taken from my heart, and soled my mind in the idea that the worst had happened, which could befall us. Gracious heaven! How should I have shuddered, had I then contemplated the dark perspective of my destiny!

Mr. Robinson went almost daily to London, and sometimes my brother George who was still a boy, accompanied him upon a little poney.—One day, after returning from one of their rides, my brother informed me that he had been with Mr. Robinson to Marylebone; and that he had waited and held Mr. Robinson's horse, while he made a morning visit. I had then no acquaintance that resided at Marylebone; I questioned my brother as to the place, and he persisted in his original story. "But," added he, "if you say anything about it to Mr. Robinson I never will tell you where we go in future." I promised not to mention what he had said, and my mind was deeply engaged in a variety of conjectures.

A few days after Mr. Robinson made another visit, and my brother was introduced to the lady.* From the manner and conversation of both parties, even a youth scarcely in his teens could draw conclusions of no favourable nature. By the side of the chimney hung my watch, which I had supposed lost in the general wreck of our property. It was enamelled with musical trophies, and very remarkable for a steel chain of singular beauty. The moment my brother described it, my suspicions were confirmed; and Mr. Robinson did not even attempt to deny his infidelity.

[To be continued Weekly.]

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES CORRESPONDENCE.

The following curious letter from the Rev. Sydney Smith has found its way into the columns of the *Times*, from whence we have transferred it to our own:—"Sir, The *Locofoco* papers in America are, I observe, full of abuse of Mr. Everett, their minister, for spending a month with me at Christmas, in Somersetshire. That month was neither lunar nor calendar, but consisted of forty-eight hours—a few minutes more or less. I never heard a wiser or more judicious defence than he made to me and others, of the American insolvency; not denying the injustice of it, speaking of it, on the contrary, with the deepest feeling, but urging with great argumentative eloquence every topic that could be pleaded in extenuation. He made upon us the same impression he appears to make universally in this country; we thought him (a character which the English always receive with affectionate regard) an amiable American, republican without rudeness, and accomplished without ostentation. 'If I had known that gentleman five years ago (said one of my guests), I should have been deep in the American funds; and as it is I think at times that I see nineteen or twenty shillings in the pound in his face.' However this may be, I am sure we owe to the Americans a debt of gratitude for sending to us such an excellent specimen of their productions. In diplomacy, a far more important object than falsehood is to keep two nations in friendship. In this point, no nation has ever been better served than America has been served by Mr. Edward Everett.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, SYDNEY SMITH."

LABEL ON A BOTTLE OF WINE.

The Poet sings of Youth's high glow,
And Scandal's age, because 'tis cold;
I've that within that passeth show,
Which fires and blushes when its old.
And many a bard thy beauty sings
Of water sparkling from the mountain;
But talk no more of silv'ry springs—
Mine is the rich and rosy fountain.
Within my breast a vintage lies—
To name it even my spirits start,
Which springs and sparkles to the eyes,
And goes like balsam into the heart.—J. H. R.

* Mr. Robinson was educated at Harrow, and was a contemporary of Mr. Sheridan.

* This lady's name was Pye.

Pictures of London News.

The regal line of the Stuart's is no more. The last scion of this royal race has very recently "gone to his father's." His last moments were peaceful and happy. James Stuart would have completed his one hundredth and seventeenth year had he lived till next Christmas. He was a most extraordinary character, and towards the middle of his long life was so reduced in circumstances as to be compelled to appeal to the charity of strangers in the streets for sustenance. For several years previous to his decease several friends rallied round him and subscribed a fund sufficient to supply him with all the comforts which his enfeebled condition and great age demanded. James Stuart was a son of General John Stuart and grand-



son of the lady of Airlie, famed in Scottish Song, who was taken out of her own house at Airlie by a party of the clan Campbell, and killed. He was a witness to the Battle of Culloden. He was at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and held an ensigncy in General Wolfe's army, and was present at Quebec when that distinguished officer was killed. He has been five times married, and was the father of no less than twenty-seven children, ten of whom have been killed fighting the battles of their country in different parts of the world. Before declining age overtook him he was a phenomena of personal strength, so much so as to entitle him to the name of "Jamie Strength," by which he was generally known in the neighbourhood of Berwick.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

A TRIBE OF SAVAGE DWARFS.

Beyond the extensive wilderness which bounds Caffra, on the south are the Doko, a pigmy and perfectly wild race, not exceeding four feet in height, of a dark olive complexion, and in habits even more closely approximated "to the beasts that perish" than the bushmen of Southern Africa. They have neither idols, nor temples, nor sacred trees; but possess a glimmering idea of a supreme being, to whom in misfortune (such as any of their relatives being slain by the kidnapper), they pray, standing on their heads, with their feet resting against a tree, "Yere, if, indeed thou art, why dost thou suffer us to be killed? We are only eating ants, and ask neither food nor raiment. Thou hast raised us up. Why dost thou cast us down?" The country inhabited by the Doko, is clothed with an dense forest of bamboo, in the depths of which, the people construct their rude wigwams of bent canes and grass. They have no king, no laws, no arts, no arms; possess neither flocks nor herds; are not hunters, do not cultivate the soil, but subsist entirely upon fruits, roots, mice, serpents, reptiles, ants, and honey; both of which latter they lick, like the bear, from off their arms and



DEPARTURE OF HER MAJESTY FROM WINDSOR CASTLE.



GARDEN VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

We present our readers with two illustrations, from original drawings, of Windsor Castle. There, in the feudal palace of her predecessors, dwells the young and amiable Sovereign of this "our isle of England"—there, at this hour, is congregated all that beauty, power, wealth, and taste can bring together to make up a scene of regal splendour—there modern art has ministered to heighten the charm of antiquity, like a jewel sparkling in an antique crown—the bright gem shining more brilliantly from its ancient setting. About the towers of Windsor, ten cen-

turies have woven a web of rich associations, and its corridors, chambers, and terraces are tenanted by many of England's holiest memories. But our present purpose is not the Windsor of days past, but the Windsor of Our Time. For us it is one of the finest castellated structures in Europe, standing in a rich country, filled with works of art, with articles of virtue, the favourite dwelling-place of the Queen, and the home also of the future ruler of this great kingdom. And there, too, all round about this courtly magnificence lie spread the sweetest charms of nature. There, in

hands. They beguile serpents by whistling, and having torn them peace-meal with their long nails, devour them raw; but although the forests abound with elephants, buffaloes, lions, and leopards, they have no means of destroying or entrapping them. A large tree, called Loko, is found, amongst many other species, attaining an extraordinary height, the roots of which, when scraped, are red, and serve for food. The *ycho* and *mevtee* are the principal fruits; and to obtain these, women, as well as men ascend the trees like monkeys: and in their quarrels and scrambles, not unfrequently throw each other down from the branches. Both sexes go perfectly naked, and have thick, pouting lips, diminutive eyes, and flat noses. The hair is not woolly, and in the female, reaches the shoulders. The men have no beard. The nails, never pared, grow both on the hands and feet like eagle's talons, and are employed in digging for ants. The people are ignorant of the use of fire. They perforate their ears in infancy with a pointed bamboo, so as to leave nothing save the external cartilage: but they neither tattoo nor pierce the nose; and the only ornament worn, is a necklace composed of the spinal process of a serpent.

the park, is every shape and form of sylvan beauty, from the smooth lawn dotted with

Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,

The constellated flower that never sets :

Faint oxlips ; tender blue bells, at whose birth

The sod scarce heaved —

to the bold upland swelling towards the sky, the quiet dell, the tangled coppice, and the woody groves—the spots that Shelley sang of, where

the woven leaves

Make net-work of the dark blue light of day

And the night's noontide clearness mutable

As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns

Beneath these canopies extend their swells,

Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms

Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen

Sends forth its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,

A soul-dissolving odour, to invite

To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,

Silence and twilight there, twin sisters, keep

Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades

Like vaporous shapes half seen : beyond a well,

Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,

Images all the woven boughs above,

And each depending leaf, and every speck

Of azure sky, darting between their chasms ;

Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves

Its portraiture, but some inconstant star

Between one foliage lattice twinkling fair,

Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,

Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,

Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings

Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

The present courtly magnificence of Windsor is of recent creation—quite a thing of Our Time. It is a product of the last twenty years, called forth by the will of the tasteful and luxurious George the Fourth. Before his time, Windsor was an old castle—kingly in its proportions, rich in recollections of bygone scenes, but yet only an old castle. It had little of comfort or of elegance—a noble and half-deserted relic of other times.

THEATRICAL NEWS AND CHIT CHAT.

It appears that Miss Alicia Nunn (late of her Majesty's Theatre) is about to give a series of *soirées musicales*. The first concert is expected to take place early in May, on which occasion all the talent of the day will be engaged. It is satisfactory that Miss Nunn has ventured once more to appear in the musical world, and doubt not she will meet with every success.

Mdlle. Fanny Ellsler will appear in a ballet founded upon *Joan of Arc*. A new opera by Costa, founded upon Schiller's tragedy of *Don Carlos*, will be produced in the course of the season, at the Italian Opera.

Zampa, with Fornasiri as the representative of the gallant hero, will be repeated in about a fortnight.

Signor Giubilei has been seriously ill for a long time, and quite unable to sing ; it is in contemplation, by several of his professional brethren, to get up a performance for his benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, which we trust will answer their most sanguine expectations.

Liszt, after giving several concerts in Berlin, Dresden, and Hanover, is daily expected to arrive at Paris.

Thalberg has arrived at Paris. He passed through Rome without giving a concert there. The great pianist will visit London in the course of the season.

Shakspeare's *Othello* has just been performed at Berlin, and produced a grand effect in that city.

Mrs. H. P. Grattan is said to be an illegitimate daughter of Lord Byron. She first appeared at the Strand Theatre as Don Giovanni ; her maiden name was Byron. Her husband is now in America, he is a left-handed shoot of the Plunket tree.

Risley and his child get 60*l.* a week at the Haymarket ! The professor has tumbled into a good thing.

On dit.—That Mrs. Yates and Mr. Rodwell, the popular composer and farce writer, are about to alter their condition.

Mrs. Keeley's anticipated success is already realised to the utmost ; her box sheet now exhibits the right character, and of her pit and gallery she was sure. Helen Faucit is to join immediately ! Would not Anderson be more than useful ?

That the Haymarket Easter novelty should be a satire upon puffing is extraordinary, as there may be seen more puffs on the Haymarket bills than any where in London. 'Genius requires no froth.

Mrs. Wood has been compelled to suspend her professional exertions by one of those nervous affections to which she has been lately subject. She has been advised to return home for the purpose of enjoying repose.

Herr Standigl, the eminent German singer, is expected to arrive in London on the 10th or 12th of May.

PAGANINI'S CAPRICIOUS INDEPENDENCE.—"When he came first to London, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Mulgrave (now Lord Normanby), and other noblemen, with a view to show their admiration of his unrivalled talent, invited him to dinner. But Paganini refused their invitations, making use of these singular words : 'I have my own table. If they want to hear me, let them come to my concert.' His career, during this brilliant epoch, offers numerous examples of this exaggerated independence. Abundant anecdotes were put into circulation upon this subject ; but, in such cases, it is a matter of no small difficulty to distinguish the genuine from the factitious. In 1832, a desire was expressed at the Court of the Tuileries, to hear Paganini at a private concert, and a proposition to that effect was made to Paganini, which he accepted. The evening before the day fixed for the concert, he visited the concert-room to inspect the arrangements. He asked the chamberlain to cause a piece of tapestry to be removed, which would mar the effect of his execution. The courtly officer had no sooner said that 'there was a difficulty,' than Paganini left the room without saying a word, having decided upon not making his appearance the following day. When the concert hour arrived, the illustrious persons invited found that their attendance was useless. Neither did the artist make his appearance, nor could any intelligence be had as to his 'whereabouts.' When the royal messenger presented himself at his door, he was informed that Paganini had gone to bed at night-fall, and was then fast asleep ! Here is another instance of nearly a similar character :—Eight years since Paganini went to Turin, and excited a perfect musical fever both at the court and throughout the city. The king himself applauded loudly, and clapped his hands with as much energy as the meanest of his subjects. One evening that he felt deeply touched by these high marks of the royal favour, Paganini offered to execute forthwith, if it were agreeable to his Majesty, a new composition which he had just concluded. The King accepted the proposal, and Paganini executed with rare felicity a concerto full of original beauties, which he had finished the same day. Like that master of modern song, Beranger (a far more original genius than Moore), Paganini disliked to play any composition of his own, which had been before published. In the same manner Beranger never sings in a public company any of his songs of which the world is already in possession. The King was the most fanatic of all present in his admiration of Paganini's genius, and in the applause with which he hailed it ; and Paganini bowed his deep satisfaction. On the following day, the chamberlain, executing the orders of his Majesty of Sardinia, who was perfectly charmed with the previous night's performance, caused placards to be put up about the city, announcing that Paganini would execute the same piece at the theatre again that evening. Paganini thereupon said that he could not play upon that day. But no one paid any attention to this observation. 'He will play,' said the chamberlain. Paganini did not play. On the following day he was seized by this little sovereign's gendarmes, and led on foot to the frontiers of Italy, where he was discharged with a command not to return.

LOVE'S MEMORY.

Oh ! thou wilt be remembered

Through all life's future hours,

Though youth still smiles upon my head

And binds it round with flowers :

But half their loveliness would fade,

And faint their perfume be,

If this young heart was not so full

Of Hope's wild dream, and thee !

CONSEQUENCES OF DRUNKENNESS.—At a term of the supreme court in York county, Me., April, 1836, Theodore Wilson was tried for the murder of his wife in June 1833, at Kittery. It appeared in evidence, that for several years, Wilson had been addicted to intemperate drinking ; that on the Saturday previous to the murder, he brought some rum from Portsmouth, N. H., and that on the next day he drunk it all. It did not appear that he drank any more after this, and circumstances render it probable that he did not. There was nothing strange or unusual in his conduct till Wednesday morning, when he arose early and went to the house of a neighbour to get some barley and procure a person to sow it for him. He returned home about six o'clock, and then complained of being sick. His wife assisted him to undress, and he laid down, saying that he was dying. In the meantime he complained that his wife would do nothing for him ; that she had often set traps for him, and once put fire and wood into the oven to burn him up. He ate some porridge only for his breakfast, was constantly talking, and among other things, spoke of his having been fishing when he was four years old. While the family were at dinner, he arose from his bed and walked about in great agitation, striking the walls with his fists, and beating in the door with the tongs. As he became more furious, a woman who resided with him at this time, left the house, he and his wife then being the only persons in it. A short time after, he was seen coming out of the house stark naked, and in this condition he walked rapidly down the road, throwing

up his arms, and making a wild, howling noise, and finally laid down by a fence. It appeared that after he had left the house, his wife went to one of the neighbours to ask his aid in getting her husband back, but this person declining to interfere, she went alone. As she approached him still lying by the fence, she asked him why he was lying there and making such a noise. He immediately sprung up, put his hands upon her shoulders, threw her down, and beat out her brains with a stone. He then left the body, and on reaching a house near by, broke in the windows with his fists, and also struck at the doors and side of the house, to seal it, as he said, with his wife's blood. Here he proclaimed that he had killed his wife and meant to kill two more; he was then arrested. To those who watched with him during the night, he declared he was not sorry for what he had done, but was glad of it, and intended to have done it before. He continued furious, talking wildly and incoherently, making unnatural noises, sleeping none, and apparently anxious to kill himself, till the next Saturday morning, when he became, and remained rational. It further appeared, that in 1830, he went on a fishing voyage, and that being deprived of spirits, he became deranged three days after sailing, and had to be confined. He then began to tear his clothes and try to tear the clothes of others. He complained of being sick, said he should die, and requested the captain to tell his sons to take care of their mother. He was afterwards set ashore, and did not go on the voyage.

His counsel set up the plea of insanity in his defence; and the court, in charging the jury, observed that it was not material for them to determine what species of insanity it was under which the prisoner had been suffering, if satisfied with the fact of its existence. He was acquitted.—*Ray on Insanity.*

THE LATE FATAL DUEL.—We extract the following affecting statement from Mrs. Colonel Fawcett's account of the late fatal duel—it will be read with deep interest by all who are acquainted with the particulars of that unfortunate occurrence:—"Nothing further of consequence took place till about six o'clock, when, as we were going down to dinner, Mr. Cuddy came in, looking pale and harassed. I merely shook hands with him, and returned to the drawing-room, as I saw he was unwilling to speak before me. When I was called down, I found my husband very grave, and informed me that Lieut. Munro would not accept his last note, on the ground that it was then too late, and still insisted on a meeting; but added, that Lieut. Cuddy was to see Mr. Grant once more, and would let him know the result in the evening; and on my observing how happy I should feel when it was amicably settled, he said, with a sigh, "That he wished to Heaven it was." I then, as I had repeatedly done before, entreated him to endeavour, if possible, not to meet Lieut. Munro, which he was as anxious as myself to avoid doing. He did not hear from Lieut. Cuddy till near midnight, when he received a note, a few lines of which I read over his shoulder, and when I saw that their purport was that Lieut. Cuddy had failed in his endeavours to affect an arrangement, and that they were to go out, I fell back on my chair, nearly fainting, when my husband said, in a displeased manner, "Oh, this is just what I feared—that you would fail me when I most required your firmness and obedience." He then went to order a carriage to come early the next morning, desiring me to get the servants to bed; but observed that, as it was then already so late, it would be better for us both to sit up. He soon came back, and lay down on the sofa, whilst I sat by his side. Thus passed the remainder of that sad night. He occasionally dozed, but I saw he watched me strictly, and was uneasy if I attempted to quit him. However, I had no idea whatever of endeavouring to give information, for I well knew my husband's character; although he never had any concealments from me, and was kind, affectionate, and indulgent in the highest degree, yet he never would have forgiven the slightest interference on my part in a matter of honour or duty. I also never thought that Lieut. Munro would fire at him; and as I knew his own resolve not to discharge his pistol, I was assured all would terminate happily, though I had a feeling of terror I could not account for. I may have been to blame for the passive part I acted, but had I attempted to interfere, the world would perhaps have blamed me still more, and I had the certainty of losing my husband's confidence for ever if I did so; but if I have erred by my silence (for I have nothing else to reproach myself with), God knows my punishment has been a heavy one—the destruction of the prospects of myself and child, and the utter ruin of every hope of happiness to me. But I must hasten to the conclusion of my sad relation. Shortly after my husband had dressed and breakfasted, the carriage arrived (I think it was near five o'clock), and he sent me down to unfasten the hall-door, lest the ringing should rouse the servants, which I did. He then said, on taking leave of me, "God bless you, my beloved Annie, you have shown yourself this night to be a true and a devoted wife; and remember, whatever happens, I go out with a clear conscience, for they have forced me into this, and I will never fire at your sister's husband." He then ran down the stairs and let himself out. Little now remains for me to say. Of the fatal circumstances that afterwards took place, those who peruse this statement know nearly as much as I do, and I have now stated every thing that passed, to the best of my belief and recollection, up to the time my husband left me."

SHARP DISCIPLINE.—A civilian, who has only "heard of battles," would imagine, that while the troops were engaged with the enemy, a commander would have but little time to think about the punishment of an offender. Not so, however, for Mr. Marshall in his *Historical Sketch of Military Punishments*, says, that corporal punishment has been inflicted even during a conflict with the enemy—and this is the instance he adduces:—The — Regiment took an active part in the battle of Quatre Bras. On the 17th of June the army retreated, and on the line of march two men of this corps fell out to get a drink of water. They were ordered by the late Sir Thomas Picton to be marched prisoners with the rear-guard. General Picton, in riding through the lines on the 18th (*Waterloo*) saw a man of the same regiment discharge a musket. The general sent him instantly to the rear-guard, and gave orders to try him and the two men he had confined on the retrograde movement the day before, and flog them, notwithstanding the enemy's troops were advancing towards us at the time. It is a fact, that when the regiment was forming square for the court-martial, a private who was frying some meat in a Frenchman's steel jacket, which he had brought with him the day before from Quatre Bras, lost the whole of his mess by a cannon-shot that alighted close to his newly-invented culinary utensil, filling it full of sand and dirt. The square, however, was formed, and the three men were tried by a drum-head court-martial, and flogged, each man receiving every lash of his sentence. One of the men was shot dead in the field within two hours after he was flogged, a second was wounded, the third escaped.

BONAPARTE'S WOUNDS.—Napoleon showed me the mark of two wounds, one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on his toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers who were close by seized and embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the shell, which exploded and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when he left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, 'that as soon as they sent him back the leg he lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress.' 'Many times in my life,' continued he, 'have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcolo, when I was advancing, Col. Meuran, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine.—Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed 'Vive l'Empereur!'—A Voice from St. Helena.

TICKET, No. 4.



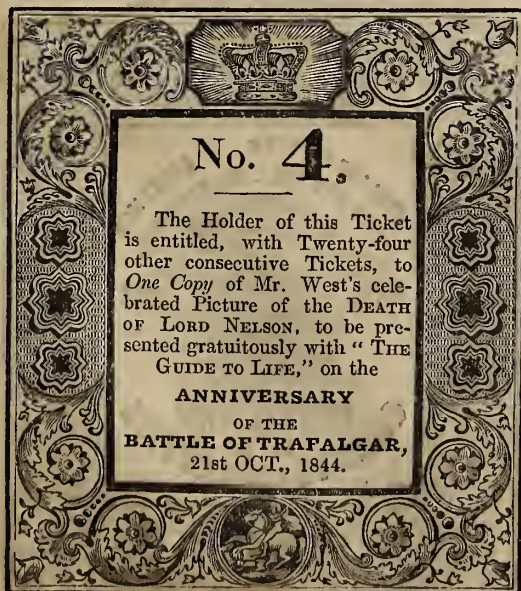
BLIND MAN.—Joseph Stroug, of the city of Carlisle, had been blind from his infancy, but found means to acquire, and now does, or very lately did, actually practice the business of a diaper-weaver in that city, and is considered not only as a good but a very expeditious workman. By way of amusement for his intervals of leisure, he is his own carpenter, joiner, and cabinet-maker; and most of the pieces of machinery used in his trade, as well as the furniture and domestic utensils of his own house, are of his construction, as also the model of a loom and the figure of a man working at it. At the age of fifteen, impelled by curiosity, or the spur of productive genius, he concealed himself in the cathedral after divine service in the evening, and when the doors were shut, groping his way to the organ gallery, he proceeded minutely to examine every part of the instrument. Accidentally or designedly touching the keys, by means of some remaining unexhausted wind from the bellows, the noise at that hour, for it was now almost midnight, naturally alarmed the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses, more particularly as their organist had lately died and no successor was yet appointed. After some delay on the score of terror, the door was opened, and the parties directing their search to the organ gallery, found Joseph, to whom night was as noon-day, busily engaged. He was reprimanded by the dean for his ill-chosen hour, but permitted to *feel* the organ at all seasonable times. In consequence of this permission he began making a chamber-organ, which he finished without assistance, and instructed himself sufficiently in music to use the instrument for the purposes of devotion and temporary relaxation from business. On these occasions he generally made use of chaunts of his own composition, which, though wildly irregular, are said by those who have heard them played, to be remarkably consonant with the impressions and sentiments of the words which accompany them.

Having heard much of Mr. Stanley, the organist and composer, Mr. Strong walked from Carlisle to London, for the purpose of conversing with that gentleman, and on this occasion made, for the first time, a pair of travelling shoes, which, to use his own words, he made stout, in the hope that they would last his journey. He was seen and heard to play by several distinguished characters, and returned to his own house in Carlisle in health and spirits, having experienced the generosity of several well-disposed persons.

Joseph built for himself a second organ, and disposed of the first to a Manks gentleman, who afterwards removed to Ireland, and this wonderful production of a blind uneducated man, is now in Dublin, and considered as a great curiosity. After relating such circumstances we may perhaps listen with less difficulty to a modern writer, who observes that if the human intellect continues to make a progress in improvement, proportionate to the strides it has made during the last fifty years, he shall not be surprised to be told of an apparatus, by which a farmer will be enabled to put a plough, properly instructed, into a field in the morning, and to find his ground ploughed, dressed, and sown on his return in the evening.

IMPORTANT TO EXECUTORS AND OTHERS.—By the late Act of Parliament, all executors, widows, or next of kin are liable to a penalty of 100*l.* if they neglect to prove wills or take administration within six months after the death of the testator.

TICKET.



APPALLING SITUATION.—The ridge or shelf along which we travelled was fenced in on one side by the mountain, which rose almost perpendicularly thousands of feet above my head; while beneath me, beyond its outer edge, was a sheer precipice, descending to the depth of the valley, from which I had been toiling upwards for two weary hours; while, as if to render the gloomy abyss still more uninviting, the hoarse echoes of a torrent, which was roaring and tumbling among the scattered fragments of rock, that had been storm-riven from the mighty mass above, and hurled into the plain during countless centuries, came to the ear with a dissonance that seemed almost supernatural. The fabled bridge of El Sirat, over which the moslem is to pass to his paradise, must he, I should imagine, about as ample and convenient a pathway to a spirit as that proved, which I was now so blindly following, to a traveller in the flesh. As I advanced further along the ridge, the wary animal that I rode, with extraordinary sagacity, made a *point d'appui* of the rocky wall by which we were built in on our left hand; and, at each step that he took, my knee came in contact with the inequalities of the surface. Thus we proceeded for about four hundred yards, when, as I chanced to cast my eyes into the abyss beside me, the horse suddenly stopped; and, glancing forward to ascertain the cause of his halt, I discovered that the shelf upon which we stood, or rather hung, was at that point absorbed in the outline of the mountain, and that we could not pass further save to instant destruction. I am no craven; but I shall never forget my sensations at that instant, as I sat gazing down into the gulf by which I was surrounded, speechless and motionless, while my horse remained equally passive, and each seemed to have been suddenly stricken into stone. My brain whirled: I could not think, I could not pray: I was utterly powerless, mind and body. Human help there was none, there could be none; and my only consciousness was a conviction that I was wholly in the power of the equally jeopardized animal, whose next movement would, in all probability, hurl me to a horrible and ghastly death! For full two minutes—which to me, in such a position, appeared to have endured for as many hours—we remained upon that dizzy point. The sharp wind whistled past us as if angered by a new impediment, the torrent leaped and roared at the bottom of the gulf, and the mountain gave back its thunder in hollow murmurs. I scarcely felt the one, or heard the other; all my senses were concentrated in vision, as, with dilated eyehalls, I glared downwards into the awful depth that yawned beneath my feet. The veins about my temples beat and throbbled tumultuously, and my hands lay clenched together upon the pommel of the saddle, when suddenly the horse, meeting no opposition from his rider (for in the first moment of horror I had suffered the reins to fall upon his neck) turned like a goat upon the narrow ridge, and began, with the utmost caution and precision, to retrace his steps.

THE DROOPING ROSE.

Encumbered oft with pressing dews,
The rosebud droops in seeming sorrow,
Yet soon resumes its former hues,
Nay, blooms more beauteous on the morrow.
So love, tho' oft depressed by fears,
And doomed awhile to sigh and languish,
Will yet shake off, its dewy tears,
And bloom the sweeter for its anguish.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All Persons intending to secure a Copy of Mr. WEST'S MATCHLESS PICTURE OF

THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

On board the "Victory," at Trafalgar, by means of the Subscription Tickets attached to the Weekly Numbers of *THE GUIDE TO LIFE*, are requested to give their immediate Orders for No. XII. April 6th, to which is appended the First Ticket of the series of Twenty-five Tickets; it is absolutely necessary to hold and produce to the Agents on the 21st of October next, the anniversary of The Battle of Trafalgar. Persons not entering their names during the present month of April will be **entirely excluded**, the benefit of the gratuitous presentation of this grand National Present, and will have to purchase the Plate separately at a very serious and considerable cost. The Proprietors having made this announcement in proper time, will not consider themselves responsible for the gift to any but those who are *bona fide* holders of the Twenty-five consecutive Tickets.

The present number of *THE GUIDE* is only a specimen of the great outlay, spirit, and enterprise, with which from Week to Week they are determined regularly to adorn their beautiful and novel publication. In proof also of which, Two distinguished Artists have already been engaged to accompany Her Majesty in her approaching Continental tour.

Subscribers forwarding faithful and original Pictures of News from the Country will have them paid for liberally if accepted,—and if rejected will be carefully preserved for them till called for at our Office.

The Back Numbers forming complete Sets to the *GUIDE*, may be had on application at the Office. Should any of them be out of Print, a reprint will be made of these Numbers every Three Months.

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